

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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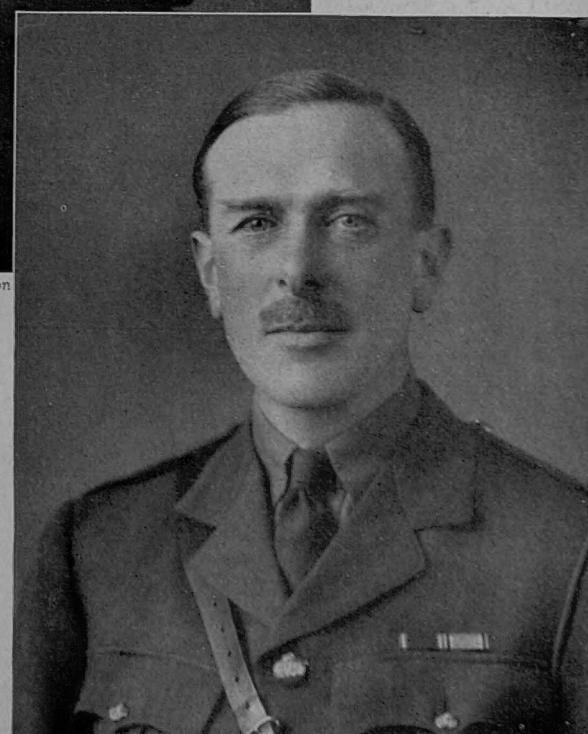
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Lt.-Col. and Lady May Abel Smith

A favourite niece of Queen Mary and the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Athlone, Lady May Cambridge was married in 1931 to Captain —now Lt.-Colonel—Henry Abel Smith. The wedding, at which Princess Elizabeth was a bridesmaid, took place at the village church at Balcombe, Sussex, and was attended by many members of the Royal Family. Lt.-Col. Abel Smith, who is in the Royal Horse Guards, is a relative of the Duke of Somerset, through his mother, who was Miss Madeleine St. Maur Seymour. The Abel Smiths have a son and two daughters, and their home is Barton Lodge, Windsor, where Lady May works for the local W.V.S. Her father, Lord Athlone, has been Governor-General of Canada since 1940, and both he and Lady Athlone are immensely popular in the Dominion





WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Victory

THIS year? Next year? When? It's anybody's guess when the war will end. Most people think that it cannot last very much longer, and mass opinion is not always wrong. But he would be a rash person who attempted to put a time-limit to present hostilities. Nobody can possibly tell in what circumstances the war might end, and therefore any prophecy must be nothing more than wild guessing. Harder and heavier blows will yet fall on a Germany which is reeling under the weight of the pressure of Allied armies. Soon the Germans will have been driven out of France. Soon the Russians will be advancing over German territory in a decisive manner. From various points in France, and probably from other unsuspected directions, Allied soldiers will be threatening the frontiers of the Reich. Will the Germans give in then, or will they fight on more fiercely than ever?

in his message to the troops after the "definite, decisive and complete" victory he won in France. Those who were around General Montgomery at the time, however, noted that he was in a mood of high optimism, and impatient to get on with the task of ending the war.

Defeat

THOSE who witnessed the collapse of France in 1940 and the debacle of Dunkirk declare that the defeat of von Kluge's armies has been much more decisive a military feat. The Germans have not been allowed to escape full punishment. Whole armies have been destroyed. There is no hope of their being reorganized as was the British Army in 1940. General Montgomery is preparing to sweep through France. Having taken the measure of the Germans it is obvious that he is not daunted by their fanaticism, or the prospect of fiercer battles which are almost certain to

lie ahead of you." At the same time, General Montgomery was telling his troops in France that the news was good from all the war fronts. It's my belief that the Germans are going to have bigger surprises before very long, and that we are going to have big news. General Sir Harold Alexander has won high praise for his victories in Italy. Watch him now!

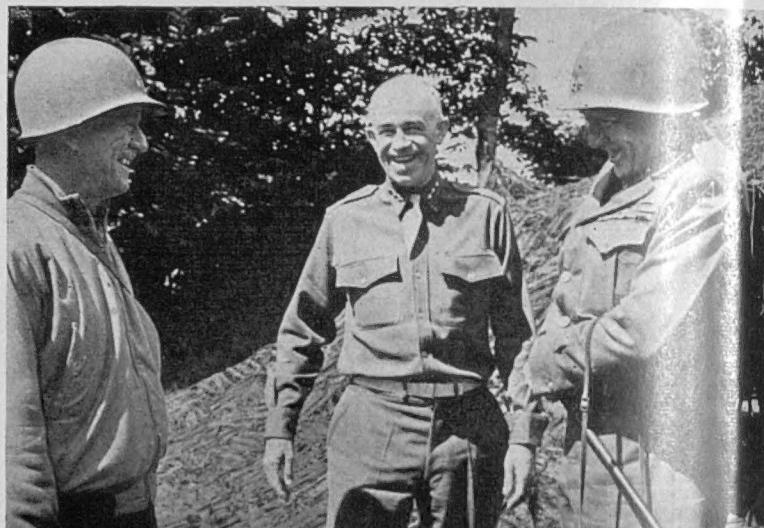
Propaganda

WE have heard a lot about the fanatical Germans, and how they fight fiercely. But I don't believe that they are any more fanatical than our soldiers when they were at bay. The deeds of fierce bravery which occurred in Calais and Boulogne before Dunkirk are equal in fanaticism to anything German. There is a difference, however, in the present influences which are impelling the German soldiers to battle against heavy odds. It is their belief that in some sudden and miraculous way Hitler will produce a secret weapon which will completely defeat the British and thus win the peace for them. How childish this seems to us who are at the receiving end of one of Hitler's vaunted secret weapons! Yet it shows the remarkable skill of those who organize and control propaganda in Germany. Obviously the German soldiers in France know little or nothing of the real plight of their country. They believe what they are told and one of the fairy stories is that as soon as they are taken prisoners they will be killed out-



The Duke With the R.A.A.F.

THE Duke of Gloucester, Governor-General designate of Australia, recently visited R.A.A.F. Coastal Command squadrons, accompanied by Air Vice-Marshal Sir Brian Baker, A.O.C. a Coastal Command group, who received the K.B.E. this month for distinguished services in operations in Normandy



Smiles on the Faces of the Tigers

Aremarkably good joke was enjoyed in Normandy by three distinguished and successful generals: Lt.-Gen. Courtney H. Hodges, commander of the American First Army; Lt.-Gen. Omar Bradley, commanding U.S. Ground Forces in Europe, and Lt.-Gen. George S. Patton, commander of the U.S. Third Army

Will they continue to heed the devilish—and let us admit, successful—propaganda of the Hitlerites, or will somebody step forward on their behalf to confound Hitler and his men and seek terms? These are questions which the very near future must answer.

Caution

THERE are people, statesmen, soldiers and politicians, who have been somewhat disturbed about the optimistic trend of popular opinion. Certainly this was before the great Allied victory in North-West France. Even General Eisenhower felt constrained to warn us that harder days lay ahead before final victory was secure. But General Montgomery has suddenly stepped in and eclipsed this caution. He has declared that in his opinion the end of the war is in sight. He doesn't say when it will end. Just that he can see the end. General Montgomery has never made rash prophecies, and people will do well to study the context of these words which occurred

develop as they fall back on their homeland.

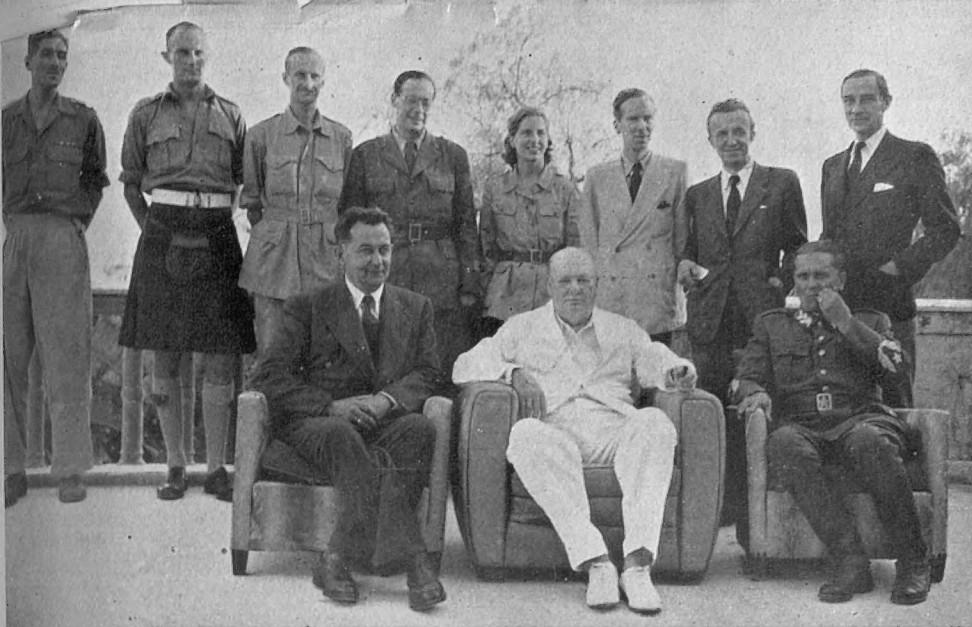
Plan

THE brilliance of the key-plan which overwhelmed von Kluge is still the most breath-taking event of the war. Whoever conceived it—and we shall not know until the war is over—deserves the heartfelt thanks of all of us. It fulfilled all the promise that was suddenly revealed after the great Allied armies had been successfully landed in Normandy against the entrenched might of Germany's best brains and best troops. After such a plan and such a victory we are entitled to feel optimistic, and to look to the future for other and equally daring plans by which Germany will be finally defeated. I for one was tremendously impressed by Mr. Churchill's statement to the troops of the Fifth Army in Italy. "Though you have done great deeds in the past and may well be proud of what has been achieved, I come here to tell you today that greater ventures and greater achievements

right. So they fight on desperately trying to win time for Hitler and his devil-scientists. Their morale is based on what one correspondent calls "rocket philosophy." When this fails them will they collapse? As the toll of prisoners grows the truth must spread, but what will convince the people of Germany that the war is really lost? Mr. James Forrestal, the United States Navy Secretary, gives as his opinion that only when the troops of Russia, America and Britain are in Berlin will the Germans give in.

Figure

IN all the vicissitudes of the Nazi Party Hermann Goering has been an important figure. He has never been credited with the wild extremism of others such as Himmler, Goebbels and Ribbentrop. He's supposed to have been the stalwart member of the party who was always at hand to extricate Hitler and the others from any difficulty. This does not exculpate Goering from any responsibility,



An Important Meeting in Italy

While in Italy Mr. Churchill discussed affairs, political and military, with Dr. Subasic, Prime Minister of Yugoslavia, and Marshal Tito, and is seen here seated between them after a conference. During his Italian visit Mr. Churchill, after inspecting the forces destined for the invasion of Southern France, watched the actual landing operations from a British destroyer

I should imagine that he's as unacceptable to any of the statesmen of the United Nations as Hitler himself. But I do suggest that sooner or later we are going to hear a lot about Goering. He's not a fanatical Nazi, and I cannot see him slinking off to a mountain lair to fight on in some hopeless guerrilla resistance plan. Goering has attained wealth and power and, above all, luxury and comfort from the Nazi Party. Comfort means a lot to him; and so does luxury. I doubt whether the Nazi Party will mean as much to him in the final resort. Goering holds the affection of the German people in a peculiar way, and he is fully aware of this power. So are the Nazis, and that is why they have tolerated him. In the future convulsions which will certainly shake Germany as did the recent alleged Army plot, it is my conviction that we shall see Goering playing some part. I may be wrong, but if I am, Goering is not the individual whose career I have studied, and whose habits I know.

Prisoner

MARSHAL PETAIN has been arrested by the Germans and removed from Vichy. The

Germans have never trusted him, nor have they really believed in the antagonism which is supposed to have existed between him and General de Gaulle. Apparently they could not afford to take any risks with this old Marshal of France. I am certain that he will be of no use to them now. His name will be obliterated by that of General de Gaulle, who will always be known as the true saviour of France. Pierre Laval has also changed his mind, or had it changed for him. He has not stood by his announced decision to remain in Paris. He has been spirited away to a part of France which is only six miles from the Swiss frontier. Probably he thinks that is a safer place at which to play his final political gamble. In any case, he's right in thinking that it would be risky to face General de Gaulle after his triumphal entry into Paris.

Meeting

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has admitted that he will shortly be meeting Mr. Churchill once again. Since the war started they have had ten meetings, and at each the deliberations have been concerned solely with the organiza-

tion of victory. Now victory is near, their main concern must be the organization of peace. It is hardly likely that President Roosevelt will come to London before the presidential election in November, but he may go direct to France for his conference with Mr. Churchill. There would not be any political dangers in visiting the Continent as might be involved were he to come to this country. So far the nominees for the Presidency have been unusually quiet. President Roosevelt has adhered to his determination not to make any campaign speeches, and Mr. Dewey appears to be still searching for a platform from which to make his appeal to the people of the United States. Betting continues to be in favour of President Roosevelt, although the odds keep changing as to the size of his majority. Most acute observers believe that it will turn out to be his smallest majority in the four presidential elections he has fought.



Karl Schenker

Sub. Mila Marie Glaserova, B.A., A.T.S.

The daughter of Dr. Karol Glaser, the well-known Czech barrister, is engaged to Major Michael Routon of the Intelligence Corps. She met her fiancé in England in the summer of 1940, after his escape from Warsaw where he had been with the British Military Mission



The Speaker Visits Supreme H.Q.

Col. Douglas Clifton Brown, Speaker of the House of Commons, touring the British and American sectors in France, visited Gen. Eisenhower at his advanced headquarters in Normandy. With them here is a war correspondent



Planning Allied Air Operations

Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, Allied Air C-in-C., and Major-General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, commanding the American Ninth Air Force, discussed the latest operations during a conference at an advanced headquarters in France

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Escapism Again

By James Agate

Champagne Charlie (Regal, Marble Arch and London Pavilion) made at Ealing, seems to me a wholly lamentable business in which a vast amount of time and money and trouble has been thrown away to no purpose. I don't believe that in the days of the Great Vance, the nincompoopery of Tommy Trinder, which is the inanity of George Formby at one remove, had come into fashion. I don't believe that music-hall brawls in the 'sixties attained the proportions of a Wild West fracas in a Californian saloon. And the fuss made about the story of the young peer who wants to marry the young music-hall artist made me wonder why on earth Mr. Balcon, instead of bothering with this piffle, didn't

charges with safety. I repeat, in my view this picture is a lamentable waste of time and money. And I hold unshakably that it will fill both cinemas for many weeks, perhaps months.

An old crony, to whom I confided the above, differs. He says: "My impressions were entirely opposed to yours. I loved the breezy, cheery, slap-dash heartiness of the whole thing. I found the old songs enchanting, and the new ones infinitely better than anything Tin Pan Alley can give us. I thought the language and manners of those adorable days were reproduced with convincing fidelity. I thought some of the smaller parts were exceedingly well acted, and even Tommy Trinder,

STRENGTHENED by the American soldier's testimony, I refuse to believe in a single incident in *Government Girl* (New Gallery). I cannot imagine that American red-tape would go so far as to arraign a head of the Bomber Division, who is directly responsible for building those bombs which are now crippling the German army and helping to liberate enslaved Europe, before a Senate hearing, on a charge of—to quote the synopsis—"Settling a labour dispute by fighting two men," and a further charge of "Taking a carload of aluminium intended for someone else." Invention is the mother of necessity, and after all the "someone else" is Mother America. So what?

NOR do I believe that the entire population of wartime Washington behaves like a set of raving lunatics, pushing, yahoohoing and yelling. Particularly the last. Everybody in this film yells; in the street, in the hotel, in offices and in bedrooms. When they propose marriage it is as though they must make themselves audible in Wembley Stadium. On the one occasion when they whisper, the whisper is about as piano as the Ride of the Valkyries. The amount of gesture is even worse. The people in this film are incapable of the most commonplace actions, the most trivial remarks unless they are accompanied by grimaces and gestures which would be exaggerated in a slapstick comedian. I just don't believe any of this.



Once Upon a Time (Gaumont, Haymarket) there was a Dancing Caterpillar named Curly. He belonged to a little boy called Pinky. Pinky taught Curly to stand on his tail and dance whenever he heard the music of "Yes, sir, that's my baby." One day Pinky and Curly were discovered by a slick city gentleman, Jerry, who saw that he could make a lot of money for himself out of the boy and his pet. He did everything in his power to separate the two—he even went so far as to try his guiles on Pinky's pretty sister Jeannie and succeeded in worming himself into her confidence—but he was unsuccessful, in spite of large bribes, in parting Pinky and Curly. Finally Curly solved the problem for himself. One day he found a hole in the wall of his box-home. He started out on a voyage of discovery—and then something happened. He found himself changing. Slowly but surely wings were appearing. He tried his wings and he found he could fly. His dancing days were over. Above, left: Jerry (Cary Grant) tells Pinky (Ted Donaldson) that he has been offered a large sum of money for Curly. Right: Jerry and Jeannie (Janet Blair) discover a beautiful butterfly which flies out of the piano whenever "Yes, sir, that's my baby" is played



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bethink him of Thackeray's *Pendennis*. Do I dream, or wasn't there something in that book about an infatuated young gentleman and a stage Miss Fotheringay, in private life Emily Costigan, who afterwards became Lady Mirabel? But it is forty years since I looked at the book and it may, for screen purposes, be inferior to this masterpiece by Messrs. Austin Melford, John Dighton and Angus MacPhail. I thought the incident of the duel was just a wooden imitation of René Clair. I didn't detect a single moment of sincerity throughout the entire film. And except for the brilliant performance of Stanley Holloway as the Great Vance I thought the acting indifferent. That the ladylike-ness of Betty Warren's Bessie Bellwood and Jean Kent's Dolly B. was absurd; they both looked as though they would have fainted at the sight of a pot of porter. In my view this film should have reeked of gin, fish-and-chips, sawdust, and orange-peel, with a band consisting of one cracked piano, two fiddles out of tune and a wheezy, rusty cornet: the whole pervaded with the cheap scent of tarts. Whereas this film's Mogador Music Hall is a resort to which the Misses Pinkerton could have taken their

whom I conceive to be as much like the real George Leybourne as I am like Laurence Olivier, was well enough. You may believe me or not, but I was moved by the simpleness, the artlessness and the Englishness of it all. The only thing in which I agree with you is the certainty of the film being a success. It is a famous example of escapism—and from the Hollywood films with which we have been dosed and nauseated lately."

I READ in one of today's papers, apropos of British films, an interesting letter from an American soldier in which he maintains that "football and necking are not the only items in college curricula in the States." Further, "that we (the Americans) see no more gangsters throughout an average year or lifetime than does an English citizen see of dukes in the same period." And finally: "The mirrors of Hollywood give off distorted images, like those in an amusement park." I am glad to hear this from an American, as no sane person could believe that nine-tenths of the imbecilities and vulgarities put forth as faithful representations of typical American life are possible.

Classic joke in all pictures concerned with Washington. And there is an intriguing society woman, very well done by excellent Agnes Moorhead. And a landlady who is well portrayed in her one and only scene by our beloved Una O'Connor. But they all yell. And to see Olivia, who in the past has delighted us with her portraits of distressed ladies and elegant girls, tumbling, slithering, over-acting and screwing her face into hideous contortions, made me sad. In addition to the fact that our Olivia out-yelled all the others. In contrast to all this yelling it was a relief to hear Harry Davenport as a suave senator, and George Givot as the inevitable German spy. George certainly started raising his voice, but fortunately he was arrested before he could enter for the yelling stakes; from which I came away with my ear-drums throbbing like one of Sonny Tufts' new aeroplanes. But I must not forget to say how good is Sonny in this film, how bravely he wrestles with his poor material, how sincere and honest-to-goodness is his acting. And if we must have yelling, then I plump for Sonny's brand; at least it has some semblance of reality. But the other co-eds of that Yell University . . . No.

Hey-day of the Music Halls

Shades of the Old Elephant, The Mogador
and Champagne Charlie



Joe and Fred Saunders (Tommy Trinder, Leslie Clark) arrive in London from Yorkshire. Fred is a boxer, Joe a comic. They seek their fortune at the Old Elephant. Fred is turned down but Joe is engaged at a pound a week plus a pork pie and two pints of beer a night

● **Champagne Charlie** is having a triple showing—at the Regal, Marble Arch and London Pavilion. It offers you the boisterous, gaslit London of the 'sixties long before such things as bombs and doodle-bugs were thought of; it is escapism-de-luxe. Famous London music halls like the Old Elephant and the Mogador come alive again under the hissing gas jets of the period. The Great Vance re-lives in the person of Stanley Holloway, and Tommy Trinder, the most successful music hall artist of today, impersonates the most popular music hall figure of a day gone past. The film is produced by Michael Balcon and directed by Cavalcanti



Joe is a success at the Old Elephant, and Bessie Bellwood (Betty Warren), owner of the rival Mogador, offers him a chance to sing in her hall. She re-christens him George Leybourne



Encouraged by Bessie, Joe becomes a great success. The customers love him. One customer, a tipsy swell (Guy Middleton), comes night after night just to hear Joe



Joe's success is brought to the ears of The Great Vance (Stanley Holloway). He accuses Joe of plagiarism. A feud develops between the two men and they struggle to outshine each other



A Committee of Inquiry appointed to look into the conduct of the music halls threatens to cut short Joe's fame. The situation is saved when the Chairman of the Committee, the Duke of Petworth (Austin Trevor), turns out to be an old flame of Bessie's

The Theatre

"Mine Hostess" (*Arts*)

By Horace Horsnell

ART, some say, has no frontiers. Yet there are times when one feels that it has as many as there are nations and languages to define them. Music, painting and the mimetic arts may be frontier-free, but not literature, or the spoken art of the theatre,

HERE the play's situations and characterization seem but the bones, so to speak, of comedy, articulated and ready for the right actors to clothe them with flesh. The plot unfolds with the fine simplicity of the tune of "God Save the King." And lest a situation or

an implication should leave anything to the imagination, the characters take one into their confidence with frank asides that may seem to quick-witted members of the audience almost tautological. These asides, however, are not merely a labouring of the obvious, but a convention; and like the grace notes in music of the period give the speakers opportunities to enrich their art with intimacy and humour.

The scenes are laid in a Florentine inn, *circa* 1753. Mirandolina, the young hostess, is a light-hearted gold-digger whose joy it is to fool men into love with her. While taking

Right: The valet (Alastair Duncan) takes the names of the two actresses (Dorothy Reynolds and Joan Sterndale-Bennett) who try to impersonate ladies of high degree

Below: The Count of Albaforita (Newton Blick) does not always see eye to eye with the Marquis of Forlipopolis (Ralph Roberts)



Mine Hostess Mirandolina brings all her arts into play when she meets the passionate woman-hater, the Knight of Ripafratta (Judy Campbell, Baliol Holloway)

when ignorance of the language entails translation. At any rate, one felt that the virtues of this comedy were somewhat insular.

Carlo Goldoni, the author, was an eighteenth-century dramatist who wrote plays and contrived other theatricana with apparently inexhaustible fecundity. He turned them out by the hundred. Not all were masterpieces, but there were masterpieces among them. *Mine Hostess*, which has just been presented at the Arts Theatre in an English translation by Clifford Bax, and most attractively decorated by Rolf Gerard, is one of Goldoni's major comedies. It shows how deceptively easy it was for such an expert to produce pieces full of theatre meat. The present performance shows also the gulf, both of matter and manner, that can separate the art of one country and generation from another.

their presents, she keeps them at a platonic distance. This exercise of her feminine wiles gives her infinite satisfaction. No hearts are broken, though some, particularly that of Fabrizio, her factotum who expects to marry her, are constantly bruised and as constantly salved.

Her principal guests and victims are an impoverished, boastful marquis, a *nouveau riche* count, and a woman-hating knight who advertises his misogamy with such passion that he is at once a challenge to Mirandolina's arts, and a rich source of opportunities for their exercise. To such an expert as Goldoni this is matter enough for comedy, and he shapes it accordingly. The progress of the plot is direct, from the formal establishment of the characters, to the rout of the vaunting misogynist, and Mirandolina's last-minute recovery of the long-suffering Fabrizio, whom she has all but lost through her heartless philandering.

ONE imagines that the actors Goldoni himself directed, and in whose native tongue he wrote, filled out the bare but correct outlines of their parts with airs and graces and the full armoury of their practised technique. To them and the audiences they delighted, the performance of such a comedy was not child's play, but complete, sophisticated delight. To English actors and contemporary audiences, accustomed to modern realism or the unscrupulous excesses of our native farce, the classical reserve of the language of such a play presents difficulties which, it must be confessed, this production does not triumphantly overcome.

Miss Judy Campbell, who plays Mirandolina, gives a picturesque, painstaking, and consistently vital performance that makes the character clear, but leaves it comedically unfulfilled, as it were a monotone meant to be

Sketches by
Tom Titt



rately chromatic. Hers is essentially a modern method, and one does not hear the Goldoni nightingale—or cuckoo—sing in this Florentine square.

As the woman-hating victim whom her wiles tempestuously confound, Mr. Baliol Holloway displays the beauties of experience and the admirable style of a good actor to whom such material is congenial. He looks right. His deportment is impressively correct. He speaks with the authority, intonation and timing of the classic school. His virtuosity, and Miss Campbell's smouldering vitality, which keep our interest focused on these two principals, do much to further the intentions of other members of the company whom neither art nor nature, I felt, very generously assist.



Pauline Grant and John Gregory as Colombina and Harlequin in "The Commedia del' Arte Ballet"

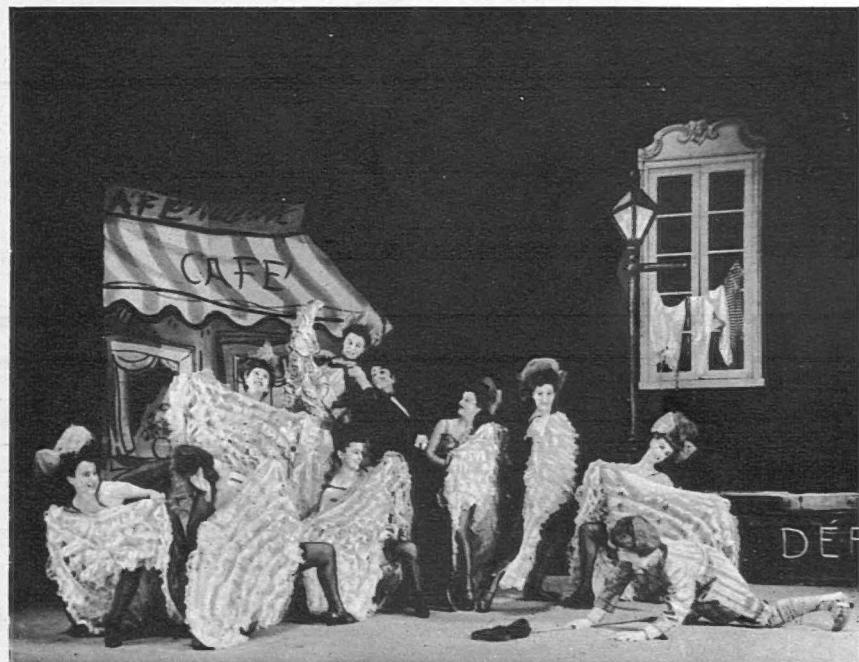
Lunch-time Ballet

Jay Pomeroy Provides Midday Relaxation for London Workers

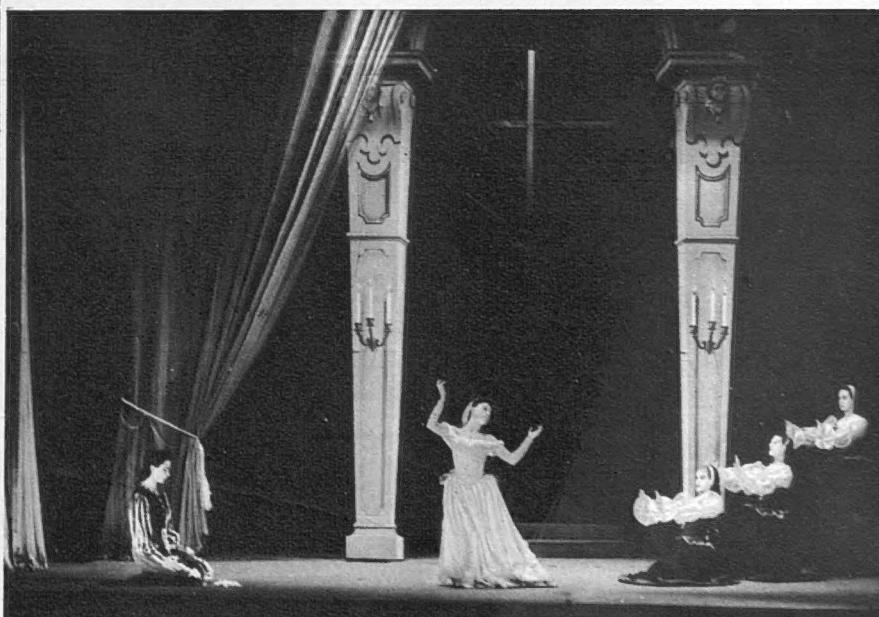


Ravel's "Pavane pour une Infante Défunte"

One Hour of Ballet at the Cambridge Theatre provides a pleasant midday interlude of relaxation away from the war for London workers. "The Commedia del' Arte Ballet" to the music of Johann Strauss with additions by Mark Lubbock is the main feature of the programme. Other ballets include "The French Can-Can" (music by Offenbach), Ravel's "Pavane pour une Infante Défunte," a Degas ballet, and "La Camargo." Pauline Grant, the ballerina of the company, is responsible for the choreography; Trevor Fisher looks after the music, and Jiri Mucha designed the sets.



The Corps de Ballet in "The French Can-Can"



The Ghost of the Infanta is Renounced by Ladies of the Court

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Two Birthdays

LAST week there were two birthdays in the Royal Family, both on August 21st. H.R.H. Princess Margaret was fourteen, and her cousin, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, younger son of the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood, was twenty. Like all other family anniversaries since the war, there were no special celebrations of any kind, but the young Princess, besides a goodly number of family presents, had a real shoal of letters and telegrams of congratulations from friends and admirers all over the world. Even the King and Queen, accustomed as they are to massed greetings on birthdays and other occasions, were a little surprised at the number of Princess Margaret's messages this year.

The explanation lies, perhaps, in the winning charm of the younger Princess in all her public photographs, and more particularly in her appearances—not sufficiently frequent for most of her admirers—on the news reels. Hardened cameramen who have been privileged to film the Princesses engaged in various activities have afterwards declared that Princess Margaret has that quite rare gift of behaving with complete naturalness in front of the whirring cameras, and, what is even more rare, of photographing so that she appears quite natural when the film is screened—two gifts which many Hollywood actresses would like to think they have, but haven't.

One of the most charming things about the two Princesses is the deep affection and complete understanding that exist between them. They have been the very greatest of friends ever since those distant days just after Princess



Swaebe

Miss Philippa Cunliffe-Owen

Miss Philippa Cunliffe-Owen is just eighteen, and joined the W.R.N.S. not long ago. She is the elder daughter of Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bt., of Sunningdale Park, by his first marriage



Swaebe

Lady Hay

Lady Hay is a Second Officer in the W.R.N.S. Formerly Mrs. Anne Waymouth, and daughter of the late Admiral Aubrey Lambert and Mrs. Lambert; she was married to Sir Arthur Hay, Bt., in 1943

Margaret's birth at Glamis Castle in a thunderstorm, when four-year-old Princess Elizabeth used proudly to refer to her new sister as "Rosebud," explaining that her name was Margaret Rose, but she was still only in the bud stage.

Farming Enthusiasts

FARMING and agriculture, those twin pursuits so vital to the nation, and so despised and neglected before the war, claim something like their proper share of interest and attention nowadays, a state of affairs that Mr. "Bob" Hudson, the energetic and able Minister of Agriculture, has himself done much to bring about, aided by his capable lieutenants, the Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Tom Williams, M.P., his joint Parliamentary Secretaries; and one

(Continued on page 266)



Bertram Park

A Rest-house for C.D. Workers at Chelwood Beacon

Photographed on the terrace of the Rest-house, Chelwood Beacon, lent by Lord Donoughmore for the use of Civil Defence workers, were: Mrs. Woolcombe, Director of the Civil Defence workers' health department; Cdr. Firebrace, Chief of the Fire Staff; Mrs. Cuthbert, Chief Woman Officer, N.F.S., and Lord Donoughmore



Bertram Park

Staying with Lord Donoughmore

The Hon. Mrs. Hely-Hutchinson, Lord Donoughmore's daughter-in-law, with her four little girls, is seen in the garden at Chelwood. Her husband, Lt.-Col. the Hon. David Hely-Hutchinson, R.A., is serving in the East as a member of the War Office Selection Board



Lady Bonham

Young Marrieds

Capt. Sir Anthony Bonham, The Royal Scots Greys, succeeded as the fourth Baronet in 1937, on the death of his father, Major Sir Eric Bonham, C.V.O., of Crudwell, Malmesbury, Wilts. His marriage to Miss Felicity Pardoe, only daughter of Col. and Mrs. F. L. Pardoe, of Bartonbury, Cirencester, took place in London last February. In peacetime Sir Anthony and Lady Bonham are well-known figures in the hunting field, both with the V.W.H. and the Chiddingfold Hounds



Capt. Sir Anthony Bonham, Bt.

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

which they, and everyone else with the interests of the country at heart, pray may continue.

The Duke of Sutherland, owner of a vast number of acres both in this country and across the border in Scotland, is another of the premier peers who make farming one of their major interests in these days. No believer in second-hand information, or in the doctrine of leaving it to others, the Duke takes a very personal share in the conduct and management of his farms. Recently he was to be seen, with his



Mrs. C. D. Spry and Margot

The wife and daughter of Major-Gen. Daniel Charles Spry, Canadian Army, live in Berkshire. Major-Gen. Spry is thirty-one years old and commands a Canadian division in Italy, where he won the D.S.O.

new Duchess (the former Mrs. Clare Dunkerley), at one of those practical demonstrations in Surrey organised by the County War Agricultural Executive Committee, which attract farmers from miles around to see how things are scientifically done.

I understand that the Duke is establishing a new herd of Red Poll cattle at his Surrey seat, Sutton Place, near Guildford, a general purpose breed, which is also favoured by the Duke of Norfolk.

Miss Yvonne Arnaud, the actress, whose interest in farming dates back to long before the war, is another well-known Surrey resident frequently to be seen at the W.A.E.C. demonstrations, where she and her husband are very popular figures with all the farming community.

Child Holidaymakers

MANY hundreds of children will not be lucky enough to get to the sea this year, but some of the more fortunate ones have been having a lovely time in glorious weather on the sands of North Wales. There have been bathing parties and picnics, and all the dozens of games that children can enjoy on the sands. Many of the families there had made the journey from the South Coast, and Kent especially seemed to be particularly well represented.

Mrs. David Reid had brought her two little girls, Sarah and Jane, from their home in Hever. They have both inherited their mother's lovely red hair, and were often to be seen playing on the sands with Sally and Rosemary Hollebone and Carol and "Lou" Haselden, who lived in Kent in pre-war days. Sally and Rosemary were the envy of everyone on the beach, with their very dark and even "sun tan" and the most wonderful variety of bathing dresses. They now live in Wales, as their step-father is stationed near by.

At Fairborne, a sweet little village along the coast, were Mrs. Hubert Allfrey and her three young sons, Nigel, Brian and Guy. The two elder boys are rounders-enthusiasts, and certainly look like cricketers in the making. Maybe they will follow in their uncle's footsteps, for Jim Marsham, Mrs. Allfrey's younger brother, was in the Eton Cricket XI, an excellent golfer and an Oxford "blue." He is now a prisoner of war in Germany.

Major Hubert Allfrey has seen a lot of service overseas since the outbreak of war. He went out to France in the first year with his regiment, then on to the Middle East, where he took part in the Libyan campaign. He is now in Italy. Before the war he was, of course, a well-known rider in point-to-points and lived in Kent.

More Holidaymakers

At Criccieth, also in North Wales, I found a little Sheran and Edward Cazalet staying with their grandmother, Mrs. Cazalet. They are the children of Major Peter Cazalet, who owns Fairlawne, a lovely home in Kent, which can boast a Grinling Gibbons room with famous panelling. At the outbreak of war, more than a hundred crippled and incurable children were evacuated to Fairlawne from London. There is a real-tennis court in the grounds—one of the very few in England. Major Cazalet, who is serving with his regiment in Normandy, is, like all his family, a good games player. He was in the Oxford rackets pair when they won the inter-varisty doubles in 1929, and is a useful cricketer and a good "real-tennis" player. His only sister, Mrs. Thelma Cazalet Keir, M.P., is a very fine lawn-tennis player and often played in tournaments before her duties in the House became so all-absorbing. Their elder brother, the late Lt.-Col. Victor Cazalet, was Amateur Squash Champion of Great Britain in 1925, 1927, 1929 and 1930. He was a triple blue—tennis, lawn tennis and racquets.

West End Wakes Up

AFTER a long period of gloomy emptiness, the London theatres are once again beginning to fill up, and first-nights are the rule rather than the exception.

(Concluded on page 280)



Lord and Lady Delamere

A recently-married couple, the Delameres were lunching at Claridge's when caught by the photographer. Lady Delamere, who was Miss Mary Ashley, is a sister of Lady Louis Mountbatten. This is her third marriage



London Nights : Two Tablesful at a Popular Restaurant

Miss Prue Stewart-Wilson and her sister, Mrs. A. Cameron, were invited to dinner by Mr. D. Reynolds and Mr. Simon Barry



Photographs at Bagatelle by Swackhamer

At another table were Capt. G. C. Middleton, Lady Holmes, Lt.-Gen. Sir W. G. Holmes and Miss Delphine Burt



Mrs. Peter Thin was married in May to Capt. Peter Thin, M.C., The Royal Dragoons. She is the daughter of Col. Mark Sykes, O.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Sykes, and was the widow of Capt. Leslie Richmond, 10th Royal Hussars



Mrs. Clyde Graham was another May bride. The only daughter of Sir Reginald and Lady Bonsor, of Liscombe, Leighton Buzzard, she married F/O. Clyde Graham, R.A.F., son of Major-Gen. Miles Graham, C.B.E., M.C., and of Lady Evelyn Patrick



Mrs. Montague Kavanagh, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maxicell-Woonam, of 20, Lovendes Square, was married three months ago to Lt. Montague Gerald Kavanagh, The Life Guards, only son of Mrs. Kavanagh, of Dolland, Clonsilla, Co. Dublin

Photographs by
Harlip

Six Portraits



Mrs. R. F. Arden-Close is the wife of Capt. Richard Fetherston Arden-Close, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, elder son of Col. Sir Charles and Lady Arden-Close, whom she married in April. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Gimson



Mrs. E. B. Hambro, formerly Miss Mary Charlotte Lyon, daughter of the late Major C. G. Lyon and Mrs. Lyon, was married in February to Major Everard Bingham Hambro, 15/19th The King's Royal Hussars, son of the late Maj.-Gen. Sir Percy Hambro and Lady Hambro



Mrs. Richard Keane is the wife of Capt. Richard Keane, 10th Royal Hussars, only son of Sir John Keane, Bt., and Lady Eleanor Keane. She is the daughter of Mr. Oliver Hawkshaw, of Chisenbury Priory, Wilts. She has two children

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

BEHIND that tense recent news-item about a firm of harassed London corset-repairers besieged by thousands of virtuous angry women crying shrilly for their armour is a story to charm and console whale-lovers, unless we err. See the jolly carefree whales gambolling and spouting unharmed and winking their little eyes (which are very like those of a small gay cow).

Whales have probably resented being made into whalebone containers for large ladies and fops since corsets began, which was some time before Sir Walter Raleigh was arrested in a very tight one, besides being plastered with jewels like a pearly coster queen. Whales have died in thousands to minister to this vanity. Hundreds of tough hairy sailors have perished—"Thar she blows!"—while chasing them, or been cast away and forgotten by their faithless wives, whom they knifed on their return. Sea-captains have gone horn-mad and crackers over whales, like Captain Ahab in *Moby Dick*. And at one time owlish, scruffy German Higher Critics were insulting whales still more odiously by alleging the Jonah story to be impossible; only to be derided as thick fools when a breed of whale turned up which can easily swallow a man. The corset-trade has all this to answer for, and more.

Meditation

VICTORIAN whales minded academic insult far less, maybe, than being made into cuirasses for George Eliot and the Brontës and Mary Wollstonecraft and other awful girls. We once won that well-known and tedious mind-reading game at a Christmas party by thinking of the little knob on the steel boss of the third left-hand busk of the outer rampart of the main keep or fortifications of Mrs. Humphry Ward's second-best corset. A whale-lover present was ill and left the house, and we don't blame him.

Challenge

ANYBODY sneering at King William IV, as some thin-faced prig was doing the other day, calling him a red-faced brass-buttoned nonentity, can step outside and put 'em up.

Red-faced, may be; also popeyed; also quarterdeck in manner. But the heart of William IV was sweet and sound as a ripe Ribston pippin, and his tactful chivalry equal to King Arthur's. It was he who encouraged Mrs. Fitzherbert to wear widow's weeds publicly for her late husband,



George IV, and to put her servants into Royal livery; he even wanted to make her a duchess, but that nobly longsuffering gentlewoman declined. It was William also who, when Beau Brummell was a broken and exiled bankrupt, created an entirely unnecessary British Consulate at Caen and gave it to him. There are hundreds of stories of his simple kindness—when a mopsy of the town kissed him outside White's he merely beamed—and by the side of brothers like Kent and Cumberland, those dark sadists, he seems just a large homely cherub. We suspect prigs who decry him of being ministers of the Devil.

Another friend of ours, also a sailor, is James II, whom the Whigs still vilely slander. If you've anything Whiggish to say against James, give your name to Parker in the entrance-lobby and we'll call and knock your block off in due course. (End message.)

Experience

WE wondered if a gossip-boy recently going sentimental apropos the Normandy campaign, over gay old days at Le Touquet, Paris Plage knew the real charm of that place, which is that it consists of two fascinating separate universes which can never meet.

A fine Sunday morning in the season, when the Casino in the pine-forest is closed for a few hours and the rich are sleeping off their debaucheries in the Hermitage, the Westminster, the Bristol, and the other huge gilt caravanserai, amid the cynical jests of the domestic staff, is a good time to plunge into the other, native, or original Le Touquet, which is full of interesting exotic things: to wit, a large and crowded parish church; small cafés where you get no halfguinea cocktails but honest Pernod and red and white and a game of manille; little obscure restaurants where plain food is not served gracefully by glossy sneering serfs but plonked down by stout hoarse red-elbowed Norman harriers; and above all, the conversation of the Le Touquet aborigines, which is laconic, meaty, and marked by a just and kindly contempt for the rich of both hemispheres, and especially for the



"... and here I am again in 1895"

(Concluded on page 270)

The Man Who Made Music Popular in London

Sir Henry Wood Dies in the Year of His Jubilee



He Said "Painting is My Real Love"



A Gramophone Helped Him Judge His Work

With the death of Sir Henry Wood, Britain loses one of her foremost musical figures. Born in London seventy-five years ago, not far from the present site of the Queen's Hall, where later he was to conduct for so many years the immensely popular Promenade Concerts, he did more than any man of his time to initiate Londoners into the world of symphonic music. In a tribute paid to Sir Henry on the occasion of his birthday celebration concert early this year, Viscount Camrose said of him: "It is to his genius, to his inspiration and learning, to his ever-prevailing enthusiasm that tens of thousands of people owe many happy and satisfying hours." Sir Henry had other interests besides music, and in his youth is said to have hesitated between music and painting as a profession. Three years ago he gave an exhibition of his paintings in Piccadilly.



He was a Fine Pianist



His Batons were Made of Lancewood



Carpentry was a Favourite Hobby

Standing By ...

(Continued)

gofers, who are deemed insane. Riders, bathers, and gamblers, yes; golfers, no. The local word for them is *singes*, or apes.

Footnote

HAVING mixed in both Le Touquet worlds, we hardly know which we prefer. Though the unfortunate rich are universally detested, awake and asleep, they have several costly habits agreeable to poor men who are their guests. On the other hand the aborigines, though obviously much nearer God, lack the social graces to some extent. A judicious mingling is the thing, maybe, but for Heaven's sake don't breathe a word to Stinker and Sir George.

Crash

UNLIKE motoring chaps, who continue to massacre the citizenry daily and nightly with great verve and zing, railway chaps killed only four citizens in one accident in 1943, according to the annual report of the Chief Inspector of Railways.

It may be that nervous railway-directors have told their people to be careful. In a very early bound *Punch* volume we remember from nursery days there was a painful cartoon showing two fat panicstricken directors lashed to the front of a locomotive. In those days apparently railway accidents were plentiful, and the *Punch* boys, jovial as ever, thought this was the best way to stop them. We don't remember if, further on in the same volume, there was a cartoon showing the British Lion raising his little

cricket-cap to a regenerated railway chairman and saying " Played, Sir! " but there doubtless was. Throughout the long and haggard Punchy years the British Lion has raised his little cap thus to visiting kings, actresses, selected Australian Test cricketers, Prime Ministers, boxers, dukes, rich moneylenders, diplomats, jockeys, bishops, well-upholstered females symbolising Progress, Culture, the Empire, Imperial Preference, South African Hock, Civic Co-Operation, Faith, Hope, Charity, Debenham and Freebody, the Entente, and in fact practically everybody. Everybody decent, that is.

Therefore we guess railway chaps have to be careful, or the *Punch* boys will flay them alive, maybe, with a cartoon showing a railway chairman smoking a cigar with one foot on a pile of mangled bodies and Britannia veiling her eyes in horror and scorn. Caption :

BRITANNIA (indignantly to the Spirit of British Railways) : This is surely not the way to behave, Sir !

Collapse of Stout Party.

Contretemps

EVERY Big Business man's principal private secretary is the One and Only Perfect Secretary in the World, as those boys are never tired of boasting; and so, apparently, was Miss Lehand, late secretary to President Roosevelt.

Fear dictates these tributes in the City, as everybody knows—the kind of perfect fear which casts out love. Most private secretaries could probably hang one company-promoter apiece, and well he knows it. Oddly enough (or perhaps not oddly)



"Not so loud . . . you'll wake somebody"

the O.O.P.S.W. is generally grim and spectacled, with a rat-trap mouth, not the kind of fluffy things financiers keep to take down important letters after office-hours. When we were promoting companies we had dozens of these twittering in a big cage, mostly in full song. When a rival financier tried to steal one we killed him, right on the Turkey carpet, *bing*; not because we valued the tiny creature, but on principle. The police turned up later and our O.O.P.S.W. said eventually we'd see them. This conversation ensued :

"I see you killed Sir Nero, sir."

"What of it?"

"Well, sir, it makes things a bit awkward like."

"Why?"

"Could I look at your firearms-licence, please, sir?"

We hadn't got one, and the police knew it. But they're always pretty decent, we find.

Pug

MAN-MOUNTAIN Primo Carnera, wounded and captured recently by a German patrol with other Italian guerillas, is now in a Nazi labour camp, according to one of those chatty neutrals. The International Union of Heavyweight Champs seems still to be preserving a grim silence over this glaring case of verticality.

The normal horizontal position of heavyweights has often been sympathetically depicted by Tom Webster. Our own experience of their habits is limited, apart from one whimsy exhibition by Max Baer, to the long-ago Beckett-Carpentier fight. Having turned aside with graceful ease one minute after the fight began to light a Partaga, supplied by the rich, we turned again to the ring to find the referee holding up Carpentier's hand, saying he had won. As we had previously waded through many pages of Pierce Egan to get contact with the Fancy we felt rather embarrassed, for Regency heavyweights took about thirty or forty rounds before lying down, apparently, apart from tapping each other's claret in pints.

Well, Carpentier went into the wholesale chocolate business and Mr. Beckett into politics, unless we err. Carnera seems to have infringed all the guild rules.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I've had it on all day, Miss Henderson; surely we ought to take it in turns?"



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Air Vice-Marshal Douglas Harries, C.B., A.F.C.

Air Vice-Marshal Harries became Director-General of Personal Services at the Air Ministry last year, and as such is responsible for many of the matters concerning the everyday life of members of the R.A.F. and W.A.A.F. Amongst his occupations at the present time are plans for their return to civil life after the war. Originally destined for the Royal Navy, Air Vice-Marshal Harries was educated at the Royal Naval Colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth, was a midshipman in 1910, becoming a sub-lieutenant in 1913. At the outbreak of war the next year he transferred to the R.N.A.S., serving four years at various airship stations, during which time he won the A.F.C. In 1918 he again transferred to the R.A.F. as a squadron leader, and has served in Irak, Egypt, Palestine—where he was mentioned in despatches for his fine work—and in Trans-Jordan. He received the C.B. in 1943



Bluntschli: "If they find me, I promise you a fight—a devil of a fight!"

Raina, a Bulgarian lady (Margaret Leighton), finds a strange man in her bedroom. It is Bluntschli, a Swiss captain (Ralph Richardson)

Another Shavian Review

"Arms and the Man"—in its Fifty-First Year
is Included in the Old Vic's New Repertoire



Raina: "The poor dear is worn out. Let him sleep."

Catherine: "The poor dear! Raina!"
Catherine (Sybil Thorndike) discovers Bluntschli in her daughter asleep on Raina's bed and Raina begs her mother to allow him to stay



Sergius: "What would Sergius, the apostle of the higher love, say if he saw me now?"

Sergius finds the attractions of Louka, the maid (Joyce Redman), irresistible, in spite of former high ideals



Raina: "You see you must stay"

Bluntschli: "Well, if I must, I must"

Raina has fallen for "the chocolate soldier," who has earned his nickname by his passion for sweetmeats. Bluntschli has returned to the home of his former enemies to pay court to their daughter



Petkoff: "Look at my father! He never had a bath in his life and he lived to be ninety-eight, the healthiest man in Bulgaria" *Nicholas Hannen appears as Petkoff. He is with Catherine, his wife (Sybil Thorndike), above*

• Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man* was first produced at the Avenue Theatre in 1894. During the intervening years it has been revived seven times, the last occasion being in 1931, when it was—as it is now—included in the Old Vic repertoire. In this production by John Burrell, which opens at the New Theatre on Tuesday next, Ralph Richardson plays the role of Bluntschli, the Swiss captain who woos and wins the Bulgarian lady Raina (Margaret Leighton). The action of the play takes place in a small town near the Dragoman Pass in November 1885. Decor and dresses by Doris Zinkeisen. *Arms and the Man* is to follow the newly-formed Old Vic Theatre Company's first production, *Peer Gynt*, which opens to-morrow night



Sergius: "Where is Raina?"
Raina: "Raina is here."

The Bulgarians are victorious over the Slavs, and Raina's fiancé, Sergius (Laurence Olivier), comes home from the wars to claim his bride

Photographs by John Vickers



Sergius: "This hand is more accustomed to the sword than to the pen"
Sergius comes to Bluntschli seeking his help in planning the movement of troops and their horses



Sergius: "Judge her, Bluntschli—you, the cool, impartial man: judge the eavesdropper"
Louka, the maid, knows all that goes on in her master's household. She is aware of the growing love of 'the chocolate soldier' for Raina long before her young mistress



A Donkey Ride for Zia



The Home Farm, Sherston, Wilts.



Living in Wiltshire

Mrs. Ivan Foxwell and
Her Daughter, Zia

• Mrs. Ivan Foxwell and her three-year-old daughter, Zia, live in a beautiful old Wiltshire farmhouse at Sherston. Mrs. Foxwell, only child of the late Capt. the Hon. Lionel Lambart, D.S.O., R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Lambart, was married in 1940 to Major Ivan Cottam Foxwell, the well-known film producer, who is now serving in the Royal Norfolk Regiment. Her father, who was heir-presumptive to his brother, the Earl of Cavan, lost his life in the evacuation of Dunkirk

Photographs by Swaebe

Left : There is a model laundry at The Home Farm, where the family washing is done. At the door stand Mrs. Foxwell, her daughter and Mrs. Cox

Right : A popular member of the family is the black pony, which Zia already rides with great assurance



Zia is Stripped for Action



About to Embark on the Chute

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Rank Outsider

THE chatty people, who tell us all the gossip about the modern German, assert that the officer commanding the only remaining enemy force of any size in France, the Army of Bordeaux, is rated by the Junkers as one of the greatest bounders in their service. The name is Blaskowitz, and it is said of him that any air other than that breathed by the very blue-blooded absolutely stifles him. He is of the social-climber class: he is not of them, but he clings to them like a limpet. How well we recognise the type! He calls to mind a painful incident. During my hunting migrations I had to go on an expedition to stay with some very charming people, whom then I hardly knew at all. The British Blaskowitz to whom I happened to mention my adventure said: "Give my love to Algy and Minna!" Believing that he must be their bosom pal, I did as I was bid. The host, a most downright person, said: "I don't know him and don't want to!" What risks these clamberers do take! Another German military paladin, Von Brauchitsch, has, apparently, been scared stiff by Herr Hitler's rope trick, because he has rounded on The Nine, who were of his own class, and has told the world that Hitler is a military genius. Von Brauchitsch was deprived of his command of the German Armies in December 1941 because he told Hitler the truth about his Russian venture. On July 25th, 1943, Von Brauchitsch was nearly caught out: he was the head of an organised movement to get rid of Hitler. In August 1944, after Hitler has hanged nine Generals, Von Brauchitsch has executed a quick right-about wheel. The rope trick has once more worked wonders.

Negative Intelligence

ONCE upon a time there was an Irish horse-dealer who, after showing a difficult customer everything he had in the yard, took him into a loose-box, and pulling the rugs off

a mealy chestnut with a wall eye, said: "Now ye wouldn't be missin' this wan, Meejor, and his comrade [probably in the next loose-box] after winnin' a golden prize at the Ryal Dublin Show?" On August 16th, just a month before the Leger, Hyder Ali beat little Blue Cap very comfortably by a length in a 1½-mile race at Newmarket, and immediately afterwards I read headlines about "A Leger Trial"; "A Favourite's Chance in the St. Leger," and so on and so forth. Hyder Ali is Tehran's "comrade," or sparring partner, and the argument appears to be that, because he has beaten a filly who has never fulfilled her two-year-old promise, it must make the Leger a certainty for Tehran, upon whose back is to be Gordon Richards. With humble submission, I suggest that this is what the law calls a non sequitur, bearing in mind the main fact that the Derby form was not true; that we have no real public assurance that Tehran can win over a distance of ground; that, on the book, Borealis may beat Ocean Swell, who beat Tehran in that doddering Derby; that Hycilla's gallop in the Oaks was truer and better than that of anything in the Derby, and, finally, that no trial over 1½ miles is any more good than a sick headache as a signpost to what may happen over 1½ miles. I therefore put it to you that neither you nor I have, so far, seen a genuine Leger gallop, but that the nearest resemblance has been Hycilla's easy win in the Oaks. Borealis has beaten Ocean Swell, but not over a distance that gives us a true line to the Leger. It was only 1½ miles and the winner was giving 3 lb. This may or may not be good enough, but frankly I prefer Hycilla's honest 1½-mile, even though the corps de ballet behind her was not remarkable for outstanding virtue—some of them, in fact, were rank bad hats. I do not see any chance of our getting any further evidence of any real value, and the victory of Miss Dorothy Page's nice colt Orestes in that 1½-mile race at Windsor on the 19th must, I fear, be classed

under the head of "Negative Information." He ought to stay, but . . . !

The Run of the Foxes

THE present one points to one spot, Crêcy. The opposing G.O.C.-in-C. in 1346 made sure that he had run into his fox not far from Abbeville between the two little villages of Crêcy and Wadicourt, when he arrived with a preponderance of 7 to 2, and perhaps even a bit more. It looked a sitter for him, and possibly might have been if he had not been so badly served both by his rank and file and his divisional commanders; but principally if he had not been pitted against a far superior tactician. Speaking purely as a person who has hunted the fox, and not as an amateur strategist, I put my finger on a spot within a 50-mile radius of Crêcy for something quite

(Concluded on page 276)



Watching the Jumping at Ballsbridge

Viscountess Adare and Lady Maffey, wife of the British Representative to Eire, were spectators at the Ballsbridge jumping competitions and gymkhana; held by the Royal Dublin Society instead of their peace-time horse show



A Family Party at Ballsbridge Horse Jumping Competitions in Dublin

Lady Oranmore and Browne came to Ballsbridge leading her young son, Garech Domnagh Browne, by the hand, and Tessa Kindersley, her daughter by her first marriage, who was a competitor in several events



Lord Oranmore arrived at the Royal Dublin Society's jumping competitions with his second son, Martin, and his daughter, Patricia. They are the children of his first marriage



Pool, Dublin

Gay Kindersley, Lady Oranmore's son by her first marriage to Lord Kindersley's son, was also a competitor. His father is a prisoner of war



Swaebe

Two Smart Turn-outs at Recent Gymkhanas Held in Aid of Charity

Competing in one of the driving events at Badminton gymkhana was Lady Mary Stanley, with her husband, Col. the Hon. Algernon Stanley, as passenger. He is Lord Derby's brother



Gill, Matlock

Lady Andrew Cavendish drove her pony, Violette, at the Bakewell gymkhana, in aid of Red Cross and R.A.F. Benevolent Funds. She is Lord Redesdale's daughter, and daughter-in-law of the Duke of Devonshire

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

as unpleasant for the Pariahs as that which Edward III. of England procured for Philip IV. of France those 598 years ago. A tremendous advantage is possessed by the huntsman who knows the run of his foxes—that is to say, their favourite lines of travel. Incidentally, it was this knowledge which enabled the late Lord Daresbury to get there before everybody else when, as Sir Gilbert Greenall, he was master of the Belvoir, and to do so, moreover, by jumping fewer fences than anyone else, the hall-mark of the first-class man to hounds and very unlike that show-off Captain Cardboard, who never sees the end of any hunt. The real customer jumps no unnecessary fence, but never lets a necessary one stop him.

Nota Bene!

HERE is hardly any difference between the line of the fox in 1346 and the one of 1944. Then the officer directing was named Edward; to-day the name is Bernard, more popularly known as "Monty." The rest is almost identical. Edward, wrongly supposed by the historians to be no strategist, nevertheless fully persuaded his opposite number that he meant to land at Bordeaux, and then promptly landed at Cherbourg, thereby compelling him to a faulty concentration. Edward then collared St. Lo and Caen: then went off into the blue into the heart of France, and, as he headed north for Flanders and some very necessary allies, imposed a long, stern chase upon Philip. The King of France nearly caught him at the Seine, where all the bridges were down; was even close to his brush at the Somme, but then Edward got to the spot where he meant to face about and fight, and where eventually he won that decisive small-arms action, our long bows being at least six rounds a minute faster than the machine-guns of the period, the clumsy arbalists of the hired Genoese infantry, who, eventually, turned it up and fled when they began to find themselves being turned into pin-cushions by the well-aimed stuff the English bowmen were sending over. The guns we had at Crêcy—their first time in action—were far more dangerous to the men who served them than they were to the enemy. For present purposes, for Philip read "Monty." Our General's fox has set his mask for exactly the same point. He may not be able to get as far as Philip's did, but if he can get across those two rivers my money is on his being pulled down and broken up, no matter how many friends he can collect in the north and from the Pas de Calais, somewhere near the historic field of August 26th, 1346. Far stranger things than this have happened:

What Grand Country!

PARTICULARLY for the historically-minded warrior! Harfleur on his left, Ivry, the scene of that charge by "Macaulay's Cavalry," a whole division improperly dressed, for he said they had only one spur each; Crêcy and Agincourt dead ahead and Poitiers not so very

far away on the starboard beam, to say nothing of all the pitches upon which we played in 1914-18, and Chalons-sur-Marne, memorable not only by reason of Last Time, but also because it was where another Hun, Attila, was fought to a standstill in A.D. 451. Here I suggest is a grand chance for one of our many erudite soldiers to

write a book peopled by the quick and the dead. A soliloquy by the shade of Attila on Hitler might be vastly entertaining if written with vision. Doing this book might help to abolish that browned-off feeling in the days of the coming occupation! Anyway, I make you chaps a present of the idea.

HORSE SHOW AT NEWMARKET



"High Lights at the Horse Show": by "The Tout"

A very successful Horse Show in aid of the Red Cross Agricultural Fund and local Forces Fund was held the other day in the grounds of Stanley House, Newmarket. Mr. Tom Howard, one of the finest point-to-point riders in Essex, judges the Hunter Class. He served throughout the last war with the Hertfordshire Yeomanry. Major Durham Mathews is High Sheriff for Cambridgeshire, and was recently elected a member of the Jockey Club. He lives at Lanwade Park, near Newmarket, and trains with Jack Colling. Lady Irwin was an exhibitor and also presented the prizes during the Show. Capt. H. R. King lives at Graham House, Newmarket, and is a leading light in most local affairs at Headquarters. F/Lt. Ted Leader, who had a ride in the open jumping competition, won the National in 1927 on Mrs. Partridge's Sprig. Walter Earl, chairman of the Show Committee, trains for Lord Derby at Stanley House, and incidentally looks like having a big chance of carrying off the St. Leger next month with Borealis. He says the horse could not be better



Mrs. Gerald Annesley, wife of the well-known Irish owner; Mrs. Synott, daughter of the late Sir Abe Bailey, and Mrs. Andrew Knowles, were together at the races



The Hon. Patrick Campbell and his wife watched the big race with Countess Taaffe. The Hon. Patrick Campbell is Lord Glenavy's elder son, and married Miss Sylvia Lee in 1941

Racing at Phoenix Park, Dublin

There was a record crowd at the recent meeting at Phoenix Park, when Mrs. A. P. Reynold's Panorama filly, Lady's View, beat the favourite, Mr. E. Bellaney's Marita, by nearly a length in the Fifteen Hundred T.Y.O. Race, Mr. Joe McGrath's Mafosta coming in third. An Irish sprint record of 58 seconds was created by Mr. R. McIlhagga's China Tealeaf in the North Wall Plate of five furlongs



The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava was there, with Air Commander W. H. Primrose, who is A.O.C., Northern Ireland District



Lady Hemphill was studying the form with Miss Mollie O'Rorke, who was Master of the Galway Blazers from 1939 to 1942



Photographs by Poole, Dublin

Right: Mr. John D. Kearney, K.C., and Mrs. Kearney rested on a seat between races. He is Canadian High Commissioner in Eire



A recent bride, Mrs. Montague Kavanagh (formerly Miss Penelope Maxwell Woosnam), was talking to Capt. Mungo Park, Irish Guards

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Somerset Maugham

ONE hears it said of an author, from time to time, that he is "a writer for writers." This may or may not mean praise—on the whole, not—either way, it implies something esoteric; also, that the technique of the man's work is more striking, or matters more, than its content. To novel-writing, this is, as a rule, disastrous: the technique may command the attention of fellow-technicians, but the ordinary reader will turn away. In the "writer for writers," intellectual enterprise goes, often, with low emotional pressure: this is what is meant when one talks about "high-brow" writing in the denigratory sense.

This does not apply to Mr. Somerset Maugham, who is, at least at the first glance, emphatically a writer for readers. I cannot say whether he has the widest, but he certainly has the most varied public of any English novelist writing now. Apart from the necessary frontage for his first-rate brain, he has never had a classifiable "brow"—high, low or middle. His reputation is outside the power of clique snobbery. He has exemplary literary good manners; he indulges in no private jokes, makes no far-fetched allusions, nurses no inner sense of superiority. He is courteous, candid and unaffected in his attitude to the reader. It may seem absurd to have to state this—such good manners used to be taken for granted; they were the sine qua non of standing in any novelist. They are now, however, rare.

Yet it seems worth observing that Somerset Maugham novels are more widely read than they are generally liked. Quite a section of the most faithful of Mr. Maugham's readers keep up a running quarrel with him. One might call this a case of hostile attraction. The main complaint of this section, as I see it, is either (a) that Mr. Maugham's characters are disagreeable, or (b) that he is disagreeable about his characters. Such readers dislike (or think they dislike) having human nature anatomised, and at the same time are fascinated by the process. They resent, or blame themselves for, the fascination. Yet it must be strong in them, or why should they continue to read Somerset Maugham novels, zealously missing none?

For this, there is always one explanation—Mr. Maugham is, in the great and now rare sense, a fashionable novelist. And one is not this for nothing—fashion is no fool; it despises its own creations but knows its masters. Mr. Maugham can write of the social world as one who knows it well enough to be outside its power. And of the world in the other, the global sense, he writes as one who has encircled it by travel:—"Cities of men and manners, climates, councils, governments—"

Problem Child

M. MAUGHAM'S latest novel, *The Razor's Edge* (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.), has a psychological subject belonging to our immediate

to-morrow. Its actual time is the years that followed the last war—or, rather, the opening scenes, from which the story takes its premises and its departure, take place then. The central character, hero, is Larry Darrell, a young ex-airman, home again in America and causing a lot of trouble to his friends, his fiancée Isabel and her family by insisting on making his own adjustments to so-called ordinary peacetime life. He demands freedom as a spiritual necessity. He expects, and feels himself to be on the verge of, some revelation. All he asks of those round him is to be left to "loaf," to travel his own road in his own time. But in a money-making society, with which success is a fetish, in which young women about to marry expect establishments and husbands who conform to the general rule, Larry's attitudes seem outrageous. He is a problem child: everybody wishes to make him toe the line.

All the characters, who are American, make their first appearance at a Chicago lunch-party. They are observed, and their sayings and doings narrated, by Mr. Maugham himself—he enters the story, under his own name, as the family friend and confidant of Elliott Templeton, his sister Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Bradley's daughter Isabel. From their first meeting he is to feel also an instinctive sympathy for, and interest in, Larry; so that, by the end of *The Razor's Edge*, he has come to know almost as much about him as the young man does about himself.

The scene shifts to Paris: we have also interludes in the South of France and one or two conversations in London, always in the same famous hotel. The telling of the story is



Working for the C.M.F. Rossano

Mrs. C. Norris-Elye is Commandant of the British Red Cross and St. John Joint War Organisation working for the C.M.F., where she is Commandant of a group of convalescent hospitals

intermittent—Mr. Maugham, as would happen in real life, loses sight of the characters for months, sometimes years, together, but catches up, when he runs across any one of them, with what has been happening in the meantime

Character is Destiny

ISABEL, troubled by Larry's vagueness and not a little hostile to his ideas, breaks off their engagement, still loving him, and makes, with the approval of her mother and uncle, a suitable marriage with Gray Maturin, who has wealth and prospects. The Maturins have two children and a pleasant social life; Gray worships Isabel and she is fond of him. Then, ironically, Gray loses everything in the 1929 slump, and the security to which Isabel had sacrificed love crashes. When we (and Mr. Maugham) next meet her, her uncle, Elliott Templeton, has come to the rescue, and she, her husband and children are occupying Elliott's apartment in Paris. She has grown from a vivacious, clumsy girl into a beautiful, rather hard woman, whose ruthlessness is only slowly to show. At this point Larry—still unaccountable, still foot-loose, at once fortified and translated to another sphere by the practice of Yogi, which he has embraced in India—re-enters the story and Isabel's life. Love to him means one thing, to her another; he now wants nothing of her, she wants all of him. This is no fair account of the novel, merely an outline of the situation round which the novel plays.

The ostensible hero is, as I said, Larry. But by far the most solid, thoroughly and knowingly rendered character in *The Razor's Edge* is Elliott Templeton—cosmopolitan, man of the world, and passionate snob—who, however, plays little part in the plot. Is this a fault

it is not very comforting. Nevertheless, what I will call the chores of the

everyday—grate though they do on the spirit—are the spirit's finest sustenance in the long run. Our habits will often sustain our hearts. Work must be done, and in doing it one cannot acutely remember or sit and brood. Sometimes one envies the love-free and the selfish for whom war is merely an exciting event, giving them a freedom they have never known before and an irresponsibility which can gaily get away with it and laugh. "I'm going to be sozzled when the lights go up in London" will be their Te Deum. An ugly, horrid crew! All my sympathy consequently goes out to those who, when peace is declared, will burn their boats behind them, so long as just one reaches that harbourage from which life has expelled it—which is "home."

How often one wishes that all the sorrow, all the suffering, all the loss and loneliness, all the heartbreak might in some mysterious manner become concentrated in the lives and minds of those who brought this war about. That such a minority could bring such unimaginable suffering on the majority of mankind makes one often question so many things which, years ago, found an immediate and inspiring answer. That same answer doesn't appeal most of us any more. The heart has come almost to the end of its endurance. Surely it was never born but to be broken? "Democracy" is not enough.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

AFTER we have said

"farewell"—a fare-

well which we know

must be for a long, long time and maybe for ever—how mysteriously silent and empty the everyday feels when we return to it. Everything which once gave us interest now appears entirely meaningless. While performing our duties, while meeting and talking to people, while filling our apportioned place in the world around us, it is as if we moved and had our being in a kind of vacuum—a vacuum in which we were trapped and from which we could not hope to escape. An oppressive inner silence envelops us, all the more poignant because of a kind of soundless sobbing which issues from the heart, but over which the heart has no control.

Outsiders fail to hear it. According to them, we are bearing up wonderfully well. They speak of reunion as if reunion might take place on the morrow. Their own hearts not being involved, they do not realise the often mortal blow which a long, indefinite absence can inflict on the inner life of the mind. In love, two people must grow together if their love is to take ever firmer root. So a long farewell is often as if a beautiful story-book were locked away unfinished, and when we open it again some of the threads of the plot will have to be disentangled.

Millions of people all over the world are thus wandering blindly through their life's Garden of Gethsemane. Only a kind of grim endurance sustains them, and alas!

By Richard King

(Concluded on page 280)

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Fairbairn — Mansergh

Major Richard R. Fairbairn, M.C., R.E., third son of Mr. H. G. Fairbairn and the late Mrs. Fairbairn, of 80, Palace Road, Tulse Hill, married Miss Lesley Mansergh, elder daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. M. J. Mansergh, of 4, Ashburn Place, S.W., at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.



Ian Smith, Edinburgh

Macnair — Cameron

Capt. J. T. H. Macnair, R.A., eldest son of Col. and the Hon. Mrs. J. L. P. Macnair, and Miss Margaret Cameron were married at St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh. The bride is the second daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. Neville J. G. Cameron, of 12, Greenhill Gardens, Edinburgh.



Chesterton — Jameson

Capt. Oliver S. Chesterton, Irish Guards, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chesterton, and Miss Violet Ethel (Jimmy) Jameson, youngest daughter of the late Mr. H. R. Jameson and of Mrs. Jameson, of Drumleck, Bally, Co. Dublin, were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Cotton — Griffin

Major Godfrey James Somerville Cotton, The Lincolnshire Regiment, only son of the Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Cotton, of The Rectory, Pangbourne, Berks., married Miss Penelope Anne Griffin, only daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. J. A. A. Griffin, of Newmarket, at Pangbourne Parish Church.



Taylor — Cooper

Capt. B. A. Bethune Taylor, R.A. (Airborne), second son of Dr. and Mrs. Basil Taylor, of Cheltenham, and Miss Doreen Victoria Cooper, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. E. J. Cooper, of Southfield House, Charlton Kings, Gloucestershire, were married at Holy Apostles, Charlton Kings.



Thomson, Ayrshire

Forestier-Walker — Hughes-Onslow

Lt. Edmond Annesley Forestier-Walker, R.H.A., son of Col. and Mrs. E. A. Forestier-Walker, of Broom Bank, Aldeburgh, Suffolk, married Miss Bridget Hughes-Onslow, daughter of Cdr. and the Hon. Mrs. G. H. Hughes-Onslow, of Alton Albany, Barr, Girvan, Ayrshire, at Holy Trinity, Ayr.

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued, from page 266)

than the exception. Last week John Drinkwater's comedy, *Bird in Hand*, opened at the St. Martin's, and this week the Old Vic Company begin their new season at the New Theatre. Future plans include the production of a new play by Peter Ustinov, *The Banbury Nose*; *The Last Stone*, written by the Czech author Emile Synek; James Bridie's play, *It Depends What You Mean*; and a revival of *Private Lives*, in which Kay Hammond and John Clément will play the parts originally created so unforgettable by Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward.



Introducing Mr. Gillie Potter

The Duchess of Marlborough introduced Mr. Gillie Potter, the well-known radio comedian, who was about to give one of his popular turns, at a Red Cross fete held in the gardens of Worcester College, Oxford. Over £700 was raised on this occasion



R. S. Norrie

Scottish Garden Fete for a Polish Hospital

Lady Lyell, of Kinnordy, Kirriemuir, widow of Capt. Lord Lyell, V.C., opened the fete in aid of the Gen. Sikorski Hospital for Children, held in South Manse Gardens, Kirriemuir. Talking to her here is Col. Slatynski, of the Polish Army

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued, from page 278)

in the novel? I think not—Mr. Maugham knows what he is doing. But for the counterpoise given, and comment provided by, Elliott Templeton, Larry would (at least for the novelist's purpose) remain indefinite, edgeless. As it is, the older and younger man stand for two extremes.

I do not propose to occupy any more space with discussion of the characters whom you will meet—for *The Razor's Edge* is a novel you will not miss. It is, in the inside sense, exceedingly topical—we shall have hosts of Larrys after this war. It will be, I suppose, complained that in his treatment of Isabel, Mr. Maugham shows his old bias against successful women: only the Magdalenes in the story show up well, though one feels some respect for the stalwart provinciality of Mrs. Bradley, who resists all attempts to "do over" either her house or person.

I do not consider *The Razor's Edge* to be the best of Mr. Somerset Maugham's novels, but am fascinated by it as a Somerset Maugham novel. As a sheer piece of work (like all his pieces of work), it resembles a high-powered, smooth-running car: so strongly is one impressed by the car itself that one hardly asks, or cares, where it takes one. Or do I feel this because I am myself a writer?

When I opened with the assertion that Mr. Maugham does not fall into the "writer for writers" class, I intended to qualify this before the end. As a reader, I enjoy his novels; as a writer, I enjoy them twice over. The technique, the craftsmanship, are superb; it is not only watertight but unostentatious. Mr. Maugham is the most conscious of all our novelists; his apparent unconsciousness is sheer art. For the fellow or would-be writer to attempt to copy him would be fatal, but to try to learn from him is imperative.

"The Undeveloped Heart"

LIONEL TRILLING'S *E. M. Forster* (Hogarth Press; 8s. 6d.) is a study of our other (our only other, I sometimes think) mature masculine novelist. E. M. Forster's work is less generally known than Somerset Maugham's—there is very much less of it; its content is more elusive. Of his (only) five novels, the last, *A Passage to India*, was published in 1924; twelve years before that had come *Howards End*—now fully recognised as a classic, and, Professor Trilling agrees, Mr. Forster's best.

There are few half-opinions about E. M. Forster: I imagine that the reading world is divided into those who have not yet come to his work and those who know the five novels as nearly by heart as things so subtly deep can be known. Myself, I belong to the latter class: I have probably re-read them all as often as I have re-read Jane Austen's, and each time, as in her case, I find something new. In both cases the irony, the apparent lightness of touch and the perfection of the dialogue attract me.

But there, let me be clear, any resemblance stops: Jane Austen refused to allow her pen "to dwell on scenes of guilt and misery"; E. M. Forster glides from comedy into deep, troubled waters almost before you know where you are.

Professor Trilling's study is excellent, though he cannot fail to show signs of the difficulty of writing about a writer at once for those who do not know him and those who do. He defends his subject (most ably) against some charges, but launches others himself. His *E. M. Forster* gains, rather than loses, by being by an American, for Americans: Professor Trilling is able to write objectively at once about Mr. Forster's own Englishness and his attitude to the Englishness of his characters.

The novels, Professor Trilling considers, all have as their fundamental subject the English "undeveloped heart" and its effects—Italy, India, English home life itself are used as screens on which this queer shadow plays. The book contains observations that are acute and striking: I imagine that Mr. Forster will enjoy it himself.

Resistance Thriller

I WAS doubtful, on first opening *Live Dangerously*, by Axel Kieland (Collins; 8s. 6d.), whether the grim heroism of the Norwegian resistance movement could, either with propriety or good effect, be used as the background for what showed signs of being a light-hearted and distinctly glamorous thriller. This doubt persisted for the first few pages, then was dispelled.

The Norwegian author, who I imagine writes from experience, is to be admired, in view of all, for his gaiety, which never intrudes in the wrong place and never jars. The at first rather Bertie Wooster-like hero soon grows to worthy stature, and does well; and the *mise en scène* of smart Oslo bars (now ghostly) and neighbouring luxury sports hotels assume their right place as façades hiding courage, danger and pain. They offer cover for the secret activities of apparent playboys and apparently useless blondes.

The characters are attractive, the story tensely exciting and there are fine, restrained pictures of patriots, such as the old doctor. *Live Dangerously* is a thriller with a soul.

W.A.A.F.s

"THE W.A.A.F. IN ACTION," published by Messrs. Black in collaboration with the Air Ministry, at 6s., contains more than eighty photographs, all of which are dramatic and many beautiful, and has a sound and informative Introduction by "H. E. B." Distinctly a book to add to your war library.

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Clive Brook was one of the first to offer his congratulations to Patricia Marmont, daughter of his old friend, Percy Marmont, the British stage and screen actor, when she was sworn-in in London as a member of the American Women's Army Corps. Patricia was born twenty-three years ago at Beechurst, Long Island, New York. Her father is on the left

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A MERCHANT heard that the natives of an island in the South Seas had more gold than they knew what to do with, so he decided to help them out. He sailed to their island with a boatload of onions. The natives had never tasted onions, and were delighted with them; they exchanged a shipload of gold for the onions.

The merchant's business rival was enraged when he heard of this, but decided that if the natives liked onions they would surely like garlic better. He therefore took them a shipload of garlic, and true enough, they were delighted.

When he asked for gold in return, they told him they wouldn't think of giving him anything so common, and insisted upon turning over to him their most prized possession—the shipload of onions!

IN the mess-room of a railway station a hefty guard was leaning over a small gas ring, sterilizing his whistle in water boiling in a small saucepan.

One of his colleagues asked another, "What's 'e doin' of?"

"Lumme!" was the reply. "Old 'Arry must be 'ungry"—'e's cooking the pea in his whistle for dinner!"

IT was a cool and lovely night, and the octopus was very much in love. He swam quietly over to his intended, and placed a tentacle gingerly round her slim waist. She moved away sharply and aimed six savage blows at him.

The octopus looked sadly at his damaged tentacle. "I guess I'm just a sucker," he murmured.

THE Italian was appearing a second time before the same magistrate for being drunk. Before any one had time to say or ask anything, he was vehemently addressing the magistrate.

"I dreenka da leetle veesky, I goota dronk, I come before you, so I no dreenk veesky again. So dat's a'right! So now I trya da leetle vine an' I come before you again. So vod do I dreenk?"

THIS one comes from *The Yorkshire Post*:

When a party of W.R.N.S. recently took over an old building in a north-east city, the usual notice board was set up announcing:

ADMIRALTY: NO ADMITTANCE

This was evidently too cold and formal for a local wag, for a few hours later these two words had been added in chalk:

WRENS NESTING

AT a club in Hollywood a young author was introduced to a film critic. The writer's first picture had just been shown, and he immediately asked the critic what his opinion was.

"It was very refreshing," returned the critic. "Very refreshing."

"Say, that's swell," beamed the young author. "Did you really find it so refreshing?"

"Absolutely," was the reply. "I felt like a new man when I woke up!"

"WHERE's the fare for that boy?" asked the conductor of the crowded car.

"The boy is only three years old," replied the child's father.

"Three years! Why, look at him. He's seven, if I know anything about children."

The father leaned over and gazed earnestly at the boy's face. Then he turned to the conductor.

"Can I help it if he worries?" he asked.

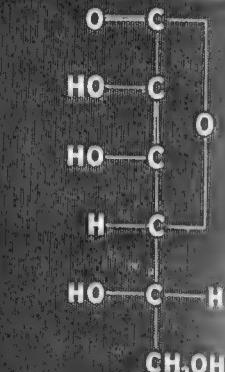
THE war worker from town found his village billet very dull and voiced this complaint one evening in the local inn.

"Well, zur," said the oldest inhabitant, "you just wait a bit. In a week or two you'll see the whole countryside stirred up."

"Oh, what's going to happen?" asked the war worker eagerly.

"Why, ploughing, zur, to be sure," was the reply.

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



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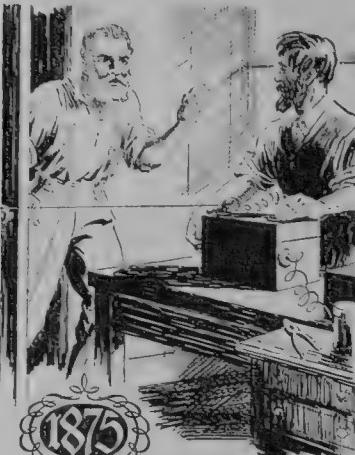


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TRADE MARK

Mr. E. H. Lawford, A.F.C., now Air Ministry Aerodrome Officer at a West of England base of British Overseas Airways, was pilot on the first flight of the first British transport service in August, 1919

Captain A. S. Wilcockson, O.B.E., Operations Manager of British Overseas Airways, was one of the first pilots of Handley-Page Transport, Ltd., an Imperial Airways pilot for many years, and did the first Atlantic surveys

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Turning the Tide

WITH military success there comes a keener interest in the prospects of civil aviation. Those prospects are bound up with the mental attitude of the larger public towards civil aviation and it is in this field that a great deal of work must be done.

I was surprised by the large number of letters which came to me a short time ago when I wrote of the legacy of hate which military aviation has created. The layman, who has no particular reason to be personally interested in flying, now sometimes evinces a violent antipathy to it. In wartime so close an association has been built up between the sound of an aircraft or the sight of an aircraft and battle, murder and sudden death, that it has affected his whole outlook. It seems to me that the very first task of those who would see British civil aviation prospering, is to tackle and to eradicate this antipathy. The method must be by a reconditioning of the public; by breaking down the wartime lethal associations and by substituting for them pleasurable, conservative and constructive associations.

Airport Amenities

A FIRST step would be to improve the amenities of airports. I have never yet heard any airport planner paying any attention to the looks of the place. A military airfield is severely functional; but even there the way in which amenities are destroyed is largely wanton. I have watched a few military airfields in course of construction and it is really heart-breaking to see the way in which the surrounding countryside is murdered. Wholesale tree felling takes place, and there is not the smallest attempt to save trees where they cannot interfere with the runways. For these statements I can quote examples from my own personal observations. There is not only neglect of the appearance of the surrounding countryside but there is contempt for it. That sort of thing must stop if aviation is to obtain the approval and affection of the many.

A really beautiful airport would do more for the future of British civil aviation than a thousand conferences. The original Heston was an attempt in the right direction. I visited the site before there was anything more there than a small shed in which was housed the Moth belonging to Nigel Norman and Alan Muntz. They told me their aim, which was to make Heston a pleasant place. They succeeded well and the early Heston was not only good to fly from, but also good to fly to. As it grew larger, however, it became increasingly difficult to maintain the pleasant atmosphere.

Conservative Aeroplanes

THEN it will also be necessary to emphasize the conservative aspects of aviation. Air-sea rescue has been developed during the war but should be capable of transforming life-saving at sea during the peace. The air-borne life-boat is but one example of what it can do. Forest patrol has been developed in Canada and elsewhere and has been found to be useful in dealing with forest fires and in checking them before they gain a hold. Agriculture might well find a great many special uses for aviation. Many will have noticed the experimental work that has been going on with the use of small, light-weight cuttings in place of seed potatoes. This work had in view the possibility that it would be necessary in post-war conditions to carry seed potatoes to some parts of the Empire by air.

High speed map-making is a prerequisite of effective planning. The face of England has altered much during the war. The ordinary Ordnance Survey methods are exceedingly accurate, but they take a long time. Maps will be wanted quickly and the only way to get them will be to use air survey.

Circuits

ONE of the most obstinate problems in devising means for creating a more favourable atmosphere for aviation will be concerned with flying training. The circuits made by pupils learning to land and to take off are extremely trying to those living near an aerodrome. They have been the cause in the past of numerous complaints. The aircraft are low most of the time and the engine noise is disturbing. Perhaps it might be possible to set aside certain aerodromes which are away from built-up areas and to insist on all elementary training being done at them. All difficulties could be overcome provided those interested in the advancement of flying recognize at the outset that one of their chief objects must always be to cultivate good-will for aviation. The market for aircraft will go up and down with the good-will. No effort directed at securing good-will is therefore wasted.



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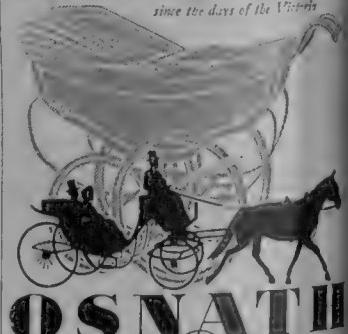
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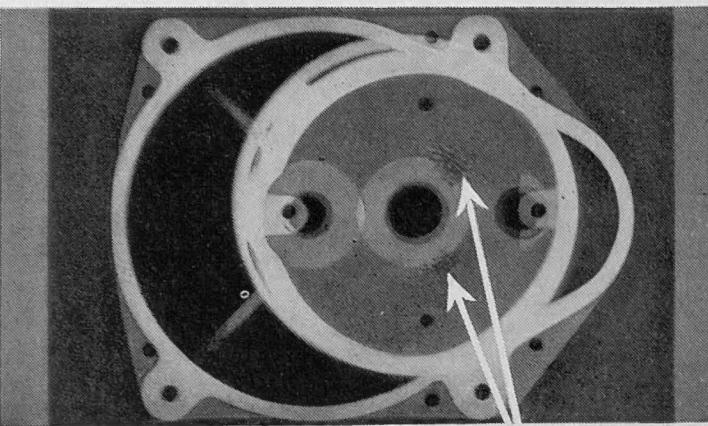


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